



GRAND PRIZE WINNER

A Hiker's Reward by Rachel Park, grade 8

20 Color Maryland Green 15 WINNERS

Forest Song

by Alex Hobson, grade 1

Skipping through the forest
Happy as can be
No one knows where we go through the vines and leaves

See some deer over here
Up to your left a Blue Jay's nest
Skipping through the forest
Happy as can be
No one knows where we go through the vines and leaves



The Colorful Forest by Connor Wu, grade 2



The Chesapeake Bay by Tyler Wu, grade 2



In the Woods by Andy Wang, grade 5



Enjoying Maryland's Treasures by Jasmine Brion, grade 6

Forest Floor

by Drew French, grade 5

The Box Turtle, slower than a faded Ford pickup truck
Moving at a lifeless pace down the road.
The Blue Jay, as fast as a freight train,
Swooping down to find worms for its young.
Young squirrels speed across the forest floor,
Like little motorcycles racing to find nuts,
Never stopping, constantly preparing for winter.
The great Red Fox, in stealth mode,
Running across the meadow
Chasing a chubby spring rabbit.

I Ponder of Something Green

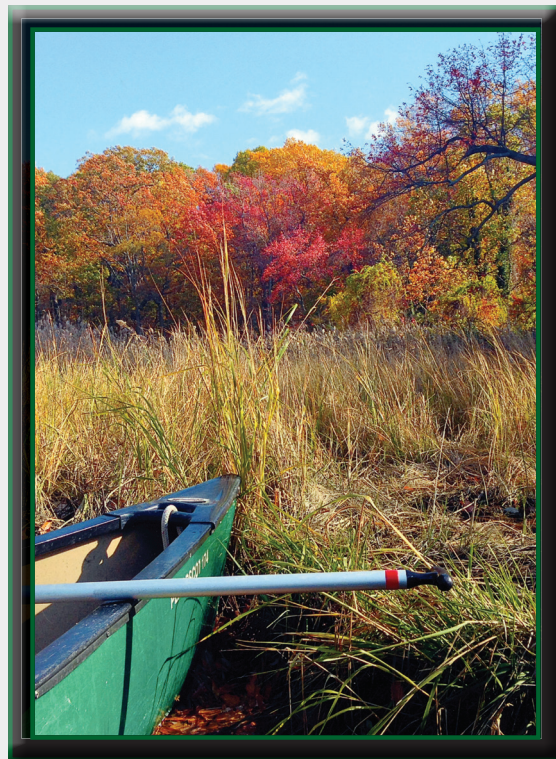
by Sterling Goodwin, grade 7

Oh how the beauty of the wood,
How surreal, ever solitary,
Attracts people in torrents
To excavate this land, despite the good,
Material things traded for spiritual things,
Was that new video-game worth turning the wild forest
into a wasteland,
The swans that spread their wings,
Spattered in oil and waste chemicals,
without someone to lend a hand,
We create power plants that suck out life,
Then we take down more forest to create
an area for storage,
For this evil waste that takes even more materials to sustain,
Leaving nowhere for animals to forage,
Mostly just for the luxury of ourselves, do you feel the pain,
The pain of the aftermath of our choices,
We do not consider ourselves sane,
Because you realize you should have listened to the voices,
Voices of reason,
These cause you to feel like you are committing treason,
Treason against your family and the world,
For what shall become of our sons and grandsons,
their heirs,
When we do not pick up the pieces
and they are instead hurled,
In procrastination, the problem only increasing over time,
impossible to bear,
So why do people not change,
I presume it is related to being misinformed on this matter,
For they think the people that are warning us of oncoming
disaster are strange,
But it is the other way around
for while you have been getting fatter,
Inflation from stubbornness that is reinforced with
bandwagon and propaganda making you naïve,
This causes you to think that the world is alright,
I could only hope that I have been able to achieve,
A hold on this endless fight to make people see this plight,
I speak for the Earth,
Earth, in irony, feels the humanity of this situation.

On the Waterfront

by Libby Darrell, grade 10

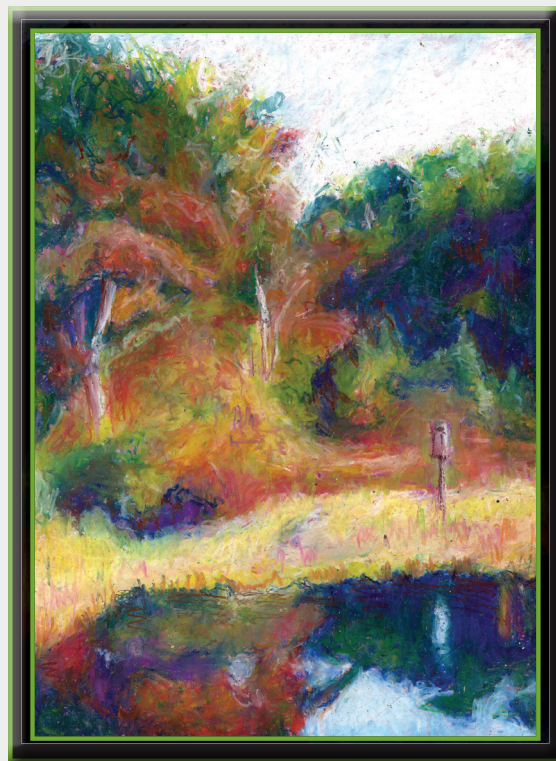
I never thought I would escape the tendrils of fog clouding my mind,
But I found refuge in softly tracing the edge of a white oak leaf.
I never trusted I would imagine a world with bright colors,
But I finally reveled in the vivid shades of the Black-eyed Susan patches.
I never dreamed I would clear my lungs from inhaling the blackened smog,
But I entered my reverie, smelling the bay's salty and crisp air.
I never expected I would remove the bitter tang of corruption,
But I disintegrated when I beheld the spicy flavor of the blue crab.
I never believed in the true tangibility of beauty,
But I dug my palm into the rough sand as my toes teased the receding water.
I never thought my mind would escape my internal confection,
But my soul parted in liberation as the oriole bird flapped its wings.
But it was on the waterfront that I saw the glistening wave curls,
And I realized that the world was a reflection of myself and my tranquility.



(Untitled) by Hailee Smith, grade 11



The Love of Nature by Delaney Rowe, grade 7



Nature's Positive Reflection
by Yaa-Adenike Cunningham, grade 11



DNR Secretary Mark Belton and MDE Secretary Ben Grumbles awarded honorees at a ceremony in Annapolis on Earth Day.